

THE AMARANTH.

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THE MUSES' COLUMN. THE STORY-TELLER.

Found, "A Day of Grace."

Answer to "Advertisement of a Lost Day"

BY MRS. A. N. Y.

Found! rejoicing, found!
"A gem of countless price,"
In grace and glory crowned,
By the Lord of Paradise.
Prayer, winged by faith, upwent
To Heaven's high decree.
To replace the gem in folly spent,
Marked for eternity.

Upon the gem was 'graved
The rapture of the soul,
In healing fountains lav'd
By the spirit's pure control;
Religion's precious sway,
Contrition, sable clad,
Peace, in white array,
And Hope that maketh glad.

In grateful prayer I found
The gift, life's wondrous sign,
With burning orbs set round,
Dispensing lights divine.
A messenger from Heaven,
Christ's seal upon the breast,
Accepted and forgiven,
By grace, free grace, imprint.

Then when the sea and land
Have fled away in fear,
My soul will hopeful stand,
A glad award to bear.
Its works by Justice weighed,
Would perish in their dross,
But Mercy's scale by Jesus stayed,
Holds pardon by the Cross.

Human Love.

Oh, if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsullied temper of a child—
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel's visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis *human love*.
The law of Heaven is love—and tho' its name
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the eternal principle is pure;
And in these deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, we but see
The lavish measure in which love is given.
And in the yearning tenderness of a child,
For every bird that sings above its head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree and flower, and running brook,
We see how every thing was made to love,
And how they err, who in a world like this,
Find anything to hate but human pride.—*Willis.*

Plant Flowers o'er the Dead.

BY JOHN P. SHANNON.

Plant flowers o'er the dead!
'Tis a lone, a cold, and a cheerless sleep,
In the church-yard's gloom where the night dews weep,
And the fox's cry and the wolf's deep howl,
Echoing wild to the howling owl,
Plant flowers o'er the dead!

Plant flowers o'er the dead!—
The bright star-eyed children of mother earth
With their rainbow hues of fairy birth:
Let them flaunt in the sun o'er the quiet grave,
Where the cypress nods and the willows wave,
Plant flowers o'er the dead!

Plant flowers o'er the dead!
They will lure the thrush with his mellow note,
And the lark with his shrill and speckled throat;
They will tell of the tree limbs wildly tost,
A requiem hymn for the loved and lost,
Plant flowers o'er the dead!

Plant flowers o'er the dead!
In the morning gleam, 'mid the dark brown even,
They will whisper of hope, of peace, of Heaven;
They will tell of a bright eternal spring,
And the glow of the seraph's and white wing,
Plant flowers o'er the dead!

THE BELLE OF THE BALL ROOM.

BY MRS. M. G. SLEEPER.

I.

"ONLY this once," said Edward Alston, fixing a pair of handsome eyes on the beautiful girl beside him. "Only this once, sister mine. Nay, I will even kneel to you;" and he bent half playfully, half seriously before her. "Your dress will be my gift, and will not therefore diminish your charity fund; and beside, if the influences of which you have spoken do indeed hang so alluringly about a ball room, should you not seek to guard me against their power? You will go, will you not? For me, darling, for me!"

The Savior, too, whispered in the maiden's ear, "decide for me—thou redeemed one—for me." But her spirit did not recognize the tones, for of late it had been bewildered with earthly music.

She paused, however, and her brother pressed a kiss upon her thoughtful brow, and waited her reply in silence.

Beware! sweet Helen Alston, beware! The sin is not lessened that the tempter is so near to thee. Like the sparkle of the red wine to the inebriate, are the seductive influences of the ball room. Thy foot will fall upon roses, but they will be roses of this world, not those that bloom for eternity. Thou wilt lose the fervor of thy love, the promptness of thy obedience, the consolations of thy trust. The holy calm of thy closet will become irksome to thee, and the power of thy resistance will be diminished many fold, for this is thy first great temptation. But Helen will not beware. While the warm kiss is on her cheek she forgets her Savior. The melody of that rich voice is dearer to her than the pleading of gospel memories.

Two years previous to the scene described, Helen Alston hoped she had passed from death unto life. For some time she was exact in the discharge of social duties, regular in her closet exercises, ardent, yet equitable in her love. Day by day she kindled her torch at the holy fire which comes streaming onward to us from the luminaries of the past; from Baxter, and Taylor, and Flavel, and many a compeer, whose name will live in the hearts, and linger upon the lips of generations which are yet to come. She was alive to the present, also. Upon her table—beautiful comment upon the yet unfulfilled prophecies—lay the records of missionary labor and success. The Sewing Circle busied her active fingers, and the Sabbath School kept her affections warm, and rendered her knowledge thorough and practical. But at length the world began insensibly to win upon her regard. She was the child of wealth, and fashion spoke of her taste and elegance. She was very lovely, and the voice of flattery mingled with the accents of honest praise. She was agreeable in manner, sprightly in conversation, and she was courted and caressed. She heard with more complacency, reports from the gay circles she had once frequented, and noted with more interest the ever shifting pageantry of folly. Then she lessened her charities, furnished her wardrobe more lavishly, and became less scrupulous in the disposal of her time. She formed acquaintances among the light and frivolous, and to fit herself for them, sought the books they read, until others became insipid.

Edward Alston was proud of his sister, and loved her almost to idolatry. They had scarcely been sep-

arated from childhood, and it was a severe blow to him when she shunned the amusements they had so long shared together. He admired, indeed, the excellence of her second life, the beauty of her aspirations, the loftiness of her aims, but he felt deeply that want of unity in hope and purpose which had existed between them. He felt, at times, indignant, as if something had been taken from himself; therefore he strove, by many devices, to allure her to the path he was treading. He was very selfish in this, but he was unconscious of it. He would have climbed a precipice, traversed continents, braved the ocean in its wrath, to have rescued her from physical danger, but like many others, thoughtless as himself, he did not dream of the fearful importance of the result; did not know that the Infinite alone could compute the hazard of the tempted one. Thus far had he succeeded, that she had consented to attend with him a brilliant ball.

"It will be a superb affair," he said, half aloud, as he walked down the street. "The music will be divine, too; and she used to be so fond of dancing! 'Twas a lovely girl soiled when the black-coated gentry preached her into their notions. And yet,—and yet,—pshaw! all cant, all cant! What harm can there be in it! And if she does withstand all this, I will yield the point that there is something, yes, a great deal, in religion."

So musing, he proceeded to the shop of Mrs. Crofton, the most fashionable dress-maker in the place, and forgot his momentary scruples in a consultation as to the proper material for Helen's dress, which was to be a present from himself, and which he determined should be worthy her grace and beauty.

II.

The ball was over, and Helen stood in her festal costume before the ample mirror in her chamber, holding in one hand a white glove she had just drawn off. She had indeed been the belle of the ball room. Simplicity of life, and a joyous spirit are indeed wonder workers, and she was irresistibly bright and fresh among the faded and hackneyed frequenters of heated assembly rooms. The most delicate and intoxicating flattery had been offered her, and wherever she turned she met glances of admiration. Her brother, too, had been profoundly assiduous; had followed her with his eyes so perpetually as to seem scarcely conscious of the presence of another; and there she stood, minute after minute, lost in the recollection of her evening's triumph.

Almost queenlike looked she, the rich folds of her satin robe giving fullness to her slender form, and glittering as if woven with silver threads. Point lace, broad and exquisitely fine, fell from her short sleeves over her snowy arms, and gave softness to the outline of her bust. A cascade of pearls lay on her neck, and gleamed amid the shining curls that floated from beneath a chaplet of white roses. She looked up at length, and smiled upon her lovely reflection in the mirror, and then wrapping herself in a dressing gown, took up a volume of sacred poems. But when she attempted to read, her mind wandered to the dazzling scene she had just quitted. She knelt to pray, but the brilliant vision haunted her still, and even as the winds stirred the vines about the window, there came back that sweet alluring music.

An open bible lay on a window seat, and as she passed it she read.

"Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field. But while the man slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way."

Tears sprang to her eyes and she exclaimed, "In the field of my heart, also, hath the enemy sown tares." She took up the book and read again; then, too soulful to remain quiet, she rapidly paced her chamber. Resolutely and carefully she reviewed the past, back, back to her first, faint, trembling hope. Rigorously, as in the presence of her Maker, she scanned her first departure from the narrow path; and if her earlier convictions were pungent, ten fold more intense was the agony of this, her second awakening.

In the solitude of his chamber, Edward thought with less elation of his successful plan. He believed that Helen would have yielded to no ordinary temptation, and felt that he had been scarcely generous to enlist her affections against her principles. His repeated, "It is but a trifle," did not satisfy him, and when he had listened, hour after hour, to her foot-fall, he could no longer restrain his inclination to soothe her emotion.

In vain he essayed all the arguments, all the sophistry which the world employs to attract the luke-warm professor.

"Do not think to console me," said Helen, "for such tears are salutary, my dear brother. I have virtually said that the joys of religion were fading and unsatisfactory; I must sometimes seek for others. I have quieted more than one uneasy conscience, by throwing the influence of a professing christian into the scale of the world. I have wandered from my Father's side, to the society of his rebel subjects. And yet I have cause to mourn less for this one transgression, than for the alienation of heart which led the way to it. Had I not followed far, very far from the strength and purity of my earlier love, your pleadings could not have moved me.

"But the Bible says nothing about such amusements, Helen."

"Not in words, perhaps, but in effect. Put the case in your own heart, Edward. Would you wish me to indulge in a course of conduct which would estrange me from you? Would you have me choose for my companions, those who treat you with neglect? Would you wish me to frequent a place whence I should return careless and cold in my manner towards you? Ah, my brother! I loved God once. I saw his hand in every thing around me. I felt his presence perpetually, and trusted, child-like, to his protecting arm. But now I regard him less."

And then she revealed to her brother her beautiful experience—beautiful till she grew negligent and formal—with a truth, an earnestness, a loving simplicity, that for the first time, gave him some insight into the nature of true piety.

"And now, dear Edward," she said, "read to me Christ's prayer for his people, that I may feel sure he prayed for me."

As she listened, the varying expression of her face indicated many and mingled emotions.

Submission, sorrow, love, and faith, all were there. When Edward had finished, they knelt together, and Helen, sorrowfully, yet hopefully, poured out her full soul in confession, and most touchingly she besought the Divine compassion upon her erring brother.

The carol of birds went up with the whispered amen of the penitent, the blossom of the climbing honeysuckle sent in their fragrance, and the morning sun smiled on them as they rose from prayer. The face of Helen reflected her inward gladness, and restored peace shone in her dark eyes and tranquil countenance.

"Thou art happier than I," said Edward, and with slight careas he turned from the chamber.

III.

One year went by, and Edward Alston awoke from an uneasy slumber. Slow and insidious had been the approach of the disease. Softly, and in many disguises had the spoiler come to him. He had stolen the strength from his manhood, the roundness from his form, the mellow expression from his eye, but he brought no terrors.

"Bear me to Helen's room," said the sufferer, and the attendants performed his bidding.

It was the anniversary of the ball night, and the room was unchanged, save that no festal garments were scattered about it. The open window with the luxuriant honeysuckle bursting through and resting on the pages of a Bible, the chairs on which they knelt, all were familiar. The invalid examined each well-known object, and then looked fondly upon his sister, his prayerful teacher, and unwearied nurse.

"It was fitting that I should come here to die," he said, "for it was here that I first learned who maketh a death-bed easy. O! my sister, had you not been true to yourself, to your God, to me, where now would be my hope? where my consolation? O! dear Helen! if, in years to come, the voice of the tempter be very sweet to thee, if thy foot should falter, and thou shouldst step aside to gather a light flower, or stoop to a painted toy, then remember that ball night, and let thy repentance be as full, as free, as humble as it was then. Let my memory be with thee, too, as thou walkest onward through life, that thou so may'st win others as thou did'st me, with the purity, the vigor, the warth of thine own hopes and experiences.—One kiss, dear one, and then pray with me for the last time."

Unusually earnest and rich in faith were the low accents that filled the chamber. There was in them a tone not of earth, a melody caught from the heaven to which they floated. More triumphant grew the thanksgiving of that gentle sister. Ever brighter grew she countenance of the dying. To his ear the song of angels blended with that earthly voice which was so dear. More and more perfectly harmonized the two, he doubted if there were, indeed, any distinction; he smiled faintly, and then the freed and ransomed spirit sped upward to the bosom of the Eternal.—*Christian Watchman.*

ORIGINAL.

Amiability.

BY LODISKA.

IN the garden of every individual, there is a plant so lovely in itself, that, like the first flower of spring, it should be cultivated and cherished with peculiar care. It is not like some plants, confined only to particular climes, and adapted to certain seasons, but it may be found in every land, and it flourishes at all seasons—but the brighter when the storm increases, and the tempest howls. Nor is it like those, which are found only in the most beautiful gardens, for as the plainest casket often contains the most precious jewels, so is this flower often concealed beneath the roughest exterior.

It is a plant that will not bear neglect, for when thus treated, it fades and dies; but when cultivated with proper care, not all the exotics of the southern climes, nor even India, can boast so lovely a flower. Go, search Europe's brightest lands, where the vine, with its modest flower and purple fruit, leans to the casement for support, or search Africa's coast, and you return with naught so fair as this.

The most lovely flower will not be passed unheeded, so this plant will be detected, although the path be strewn with thorns, and misfortunes threaten at every step—it is then it blooms most conspicuous, the reflections of which are not only seen, but it imparts true pleasure to the soul. It is often found where least sought, for as the fairest and sweetest flowers re-

gale the eye, it is expected that the fairest countenances will possess this lovely gem, when, could we have access to the heart instead of the countenance, we should often find joy manifesting grief, the fair brow defamed with a frown, and instead of this modest flower, we find others less beautiful and of a different nature. Deeply and we turn away, regretting that aught so fair to the anxious gaze, is not worthy of itself, to be cherished by adulation, for how beautiful soever the casket may be, it cannot gain our esteem, unless within is contained the flower, which, as it expands, becomes the fairest of all flowers.

This plant has flourished, and has been found to bloom with unwonted beauty in all ages, and in every nation; yes, even in the character of the savage, its almost celestial beauty has once attracted and engaged the admiration of the beholder.

It cannot fail to please wherever found; but how much more lovely does it appear when found in the female character. It is there that the flower—AMIA-BILITY—is found in its meridian beauty, and is one of the most enduring qualifications that a young lady can possess.

Visit a young lady who cultivates an amiable disposition—let her motto be "Truth, Candor and Virtue," as the standard of moral rectitude, and her principles are fixed on a firm foundation, one that will stand by her when the lamp of life is extinguished. Visit her at her residence, how lovely a flower; she looks to her parents as her best friends, and obeys their instructions, while a smile plays upon her countenance. To her brothers and sisters, if she has those that are older than herself, she looks for counsel; if any younger, she sets them an example worthy of imitation. Meet her in public society, the same sweetness of manner is there visible. Her chief beauty does not consist in the splendor of dress, and the glittering of diamonds, but in gems far more precious—"for better it is to shine in conversation, than to shine in dress." Her manners are free and easy, her conversation both useful and intelligent. Gentleness has taken possession of her heart—innocence sparkles in her eyes—Modesty and Humility sit enthroned upon her brow, and Modesty has thrown a charm around her person, which adds to the other graces of her mind. If she feels that the tongue of slander has in any way injured her, she retires to her closet, and there, weeping, forgives the offender. She is unobtrusive in her family, her amiable disposition, which diffuses itself through out her whole character, endears her to all.

How different the young lady, who does not cultivate this lovely flower! Visit her at her residence—what a contrast! She feels not the shadow of her parents, unless it be with a frown. Meet her in public society, a deceitful smile plays upon her countenance, which to strangers may appear captivating, but look at her principles,—she has no standard on which to ground her future hopes. She may appear to occupy the social circle, yet her pleasures are but ephemeral. She may be sacrificed at the shrine of fashion, and her costly apparel may win the admiration of some, yet what are they when compared to the garment of humility. The soft look of meekness is exchanged for one of scorn and contempt. Instead of gentleness, Envy, that blackest and basest of passions, has taken possession of her heart, and she exults in causing the loving heart of another to bleed, and the tear of innocence to flow. By her conceit she may gain a friend, yet she has not the faculty to retain one. Who would wish such a person for a friend? Who cares for her smile, or her frown? Who can be happy in her presence? We assume the responsibility, and say, no one!

While we turn from her in disgust, and again fix our eyes upon one more worthy, and as we survey her amiable qualities, and gaze upon her innocent and intelligent countenance, we exclaim, "O, virtue, how amiable thou art!"—Let me ever be accompanied by this lovely, unassuming flower.

THE AMARANTH.

"The only Amaranth flower on Earth of Virtue,
The only flower because Truth!"

Apology.

ON account of a lack of help in our office, the Amaranth has not appeared lately. We are now better supplied, however, and shall still be able to finish the volume within the year. An apology is due to our patrons for this delay, and we hope this may be considered sufficient.

To Correspondents.

"Letters to my Ideal Correspondent."—We are truly thankful to "Auretta" for those letters, and shall endeavor to follow her instructions.

Several other communications on hand will be attended to soon. We have not time to examine them now.

Original.

Letters to my Ideal Correspondent:

NO. 3.

WHAT?—Is this possible with which you charge me?—I really not written to you for four months, during which nature has been looking her loveliest. A sad, thoughtless dreamer have I become, to have forgotten you during this time. But no! that was wrong, I have not forgotten you; but you know, Ethe-rea, there are times when our joy or our sorrow is of an incommunicative nature; when we wrap ourselves from all about us, and are content only to be alone. But could you read my heart, you would find on its leaves full many a thought dedicated to you, full many an imagining woven into an offering for my friend, my friend!—how gratefully that word used to sound upon my ear. I was a disbeliever in friendships; I despised friends, and disdained that any one should name me by that now dear title. All professions of lasting friendship excited a concealed disgust—I was made sick at heart by the mention; I knew not why, but it was so. Now I know why, and now I have cast off the evil feeling which tormented my spirit. Lat-terness, for I understand its origin. I rarely had a friend—a lover, for we did love each other with a fervency, a deep-to-artlessness which after life may seldom know, but this was before we came upon the stage of actual life. When we came however to act, different interests gradually made us lose sight of our chain of union, and a trifle broke it. Then how we mourned, how both grieved heedlessly, yet would not be reconciled. The tears which washed out the bond of our friendship were bitterer than can be shed again for the same cause; and I arose from that fit of desperate anguish a smiling skeptic. I did not avow myself such, for memories rebuked me; yet I felt such without being able to analyze my reasons; for I held my own faith still good, and while we trust our own integrity we can never wholly doubt that of others;—a something will struggle with us like remorse. But now my faith is entirely restored; I know and feel that an eternal tie linked us though so young, which the world's many struggles and oppressions could not quite sever. Many events have transpired to separate us still more widely; but sorrow has come at last to one of us, and now is truth to be proven. Sorrow will bring together those who are united in spirit, and it has linked us forever. She I loved in early girlhood with a wild jealous kind of idolatry, I can now hold to my heart and assure her that what was then a pas-sionate fondness, is now an everlasting affection. And now shall I tell you who this rival is of whom you are not to be jealous? None other than the spiritual MADELINE;—made spiritual by sorrows; for none ever wore a sadder face than the now pensive dreamer; but that was ere care had come; care that had almost made us strangers.

I remember making you a half promise to tell her history, and it seems *apropo* just now. It is in itself a common tale; but it is having to act upon uncommon spirits give events peculiar interest. It is a story of passionate love, of blissful union, of early bereave-ment by death; of a spirit subdued, etherealized, by sorrow, and linked to Heaven by indissoluble ties, by a friend who goes before holding us still by the hand. And it is this sheds such a mournful yet holy presence around her; it seems to me sometimes that she is half heavenly. Very little of earth still clings to her; and she is so beautiful too, so gentle and forbearing in her grief. I do not think I ever worshipped her so well as now, though perhaps more impetuously.

But of the summer? It has been delightful to us. We have enjoyed rambles, and pic-nics, and sails, we have explored forest recesses, and traced wild wood-land brooks, and gazed down in awful ravines of eternal twilight; have dined together under the rustling canopy of summer leaves, have played Robin Hood in the shades of closely twining forest trees; when our bold Outlaw never failed to elope with some of our dames, from a leafy castle we had made and affected to guard with anxious zeal. We have had, too, evening excursions on the water, and "low whisperings in boats, as they glide through the moonlight with drip-pings of oars." And we have been on the blue waves of the lake, the grand and beautiful Erie. Have sat entranced with delight as was mingled the deep mur-mur of the restless waves and the music of voices and instruments from our party. O, we have been happy! I sat leaning over the side of our little boat as it glan-ced gaily onward, with my hand dipping in the cold blue water, and as the boat bounded on, or the waves dashed impatiently against its side, I felt a wild, eager pleasure to be thus borne upon the bosom of this inland sea I have so ever loved—for my childhood was spent upon its border—and welcomed the cool plashing of its waters over my bare and sea-washed arm, even with childish pleasure. Rambles upon the beach, the search for shells, and for adventure, fur-nished ample opportunity to the mutually interested of our party to make an interchange of sentiment, and emotions of delight, awe, sublimity, and elevated ten-derness which was not without its purifying influence upon the minds of any or all of us. For love bred in such scenes as these cannot be but of an exalted and holy nature. Trifling is forbidden by our own senti-ments, and rebuked by the presence which pervades nature, under these circumstances. We love earnest-ly and well because our feelings chastened and height-ened at once, flow in the same channel, so that noth-ing disturbs their harmony. They gather strength from the mightiness surrounding them, and are nurt-ured in vigor and purity. And do you expect to hear that under these influences the love of "OUR STELLA" and her CLAUDE was perfected? You are right in expecting this. Never have I witnessed affection more earnest, true, or enduring. There is never a difference that does not disappear like morning mist before the sunlight of STELLA'S eyes. Beautiful, good, darling STELLA! She has grown so sweet where she was before so mischief-loving, so tenderly bewitching where before she was wild and untam-able as a bird. And CLAUDE has almost lost his clou-diness beneath her genial influence;

So that by mingling light and shade,
The spirit hues are finely laid.

ARTURO has lost none of his powers of pleasing, as LILLIE could tell you; and the gentlemen are in vari-ous ways making themselves interesting to the ladies. I would not, were I not a believer in the great happi-ness of mutual love, like to see my little circle divid-ing itself into pairs; but they are happier; and tho' in some respects distinct, we are still closely united. The witty but sensible GREVILLE sues earnestly for the coy but gentle MAY. I know not whether he will win; probably so. There is one character among us

so singularly pleasing, and yet who contrasts us all so much that I scarcely know how to describe him to you, or how to understand him myself,—and he is ERNEST-TIEN. Beautiful he is not, but manly, commanding. Yet in his fickle humor one sees almost every phase of passion, ever kind of feeling. Gifted with a voice whose depth and flexibility express better than words his emotions, all he says produces effect. Scornful he seems, yet we do not feel his scorn; he is gentle to us. He sneers, but we never regard ourselves as dis-dained. There seems to be a knowledge of the world whose memories lingering in his heart cause outbreaks of some old contempt of its littleness and hollow-heartedness, which even our society fails to dissipate. He is kind, highly intellectual, and full of poetry. Passages from the grandest Poets, snatches of gentler melodies of song from some Bard of Love, sentiments quaint, striking, original and impressive, are forever upon his lips; and with no effort at display, for all is natural, flowing and easy. But you are tired of de-scription. I will not trouble you further at present, for this is the hour when

"Dark grow the windows,
Quenched the fire:
Sound fades into distance,
And footsteps retire.
No sound in the chambers,
No voice in the hall:
Darkness and oblivion
Reign over all!"

You shall hear from me soon again dearest. Till then, Farewell.

AURETTA.

What is Happiness.

Where are we to look for happiness? Riches can-not confer it. We have seen the rich man a prey to discontent, the victim of a thousand harassing fan-cies, and unfounded fears; his days passed in wear-i-ness, and his nights without that refreshing sleep which brings new vigor to the body and mind. He is independent of the world's frown, for his wealth is enough to furnish him with every thing he can desire as long as he can need it, and yet he is not happy.

Are we to look for happiness only among the sons of poverty? There may be happiness where poverty has taken up her abode, but the wants of the comforts of life certainly cannot promote it. Worn out by in-cessant and poorly required toil, harassed by the wants of to-day, and dreading those of to-morrow, exposed to the insults of the proud, the buffets of the unfeel-ing, there is nothing in the situation of the miserably poor to promote happiness.

Shall we look, then, to find the treasure which all pursue, yet which eludes so many, in that state which is alike removed from wealth and poverty?—there where moderate desires and sufficient means for the wants of life, preclude the necessity of ceaseless toil, and the anxieties said to be attendant on riches. It is probably in the last mentioned state that happiness is most frequently to be found; but ye who question where ye shall seek it, look to the peculiar station of life—seek neither in the mansions of the rich, where superfluity and elegance abound, nor in the modest dwelling which is removed from both extremes.

Happiness, like merit, belongs to no single class, and dwells in no fixed station. In our own household, be we rich or poor, in our own social circle, in our own hearts, in our own deeds must we seek it; and as prosperity cannot always ensure happiness, neither can adversity entirely deprive us of it.

Trite our remarks, and known to all,
And yet they may not useless fall,
For sometimes in the simplest weed
We find there's good in time of need.

Life and Death.

Our life with death dis and p
A seed tend rough earth ease aia.
bles fr b br and ag

LADIES' COLUMN.

Woman's Tenderness and Love.

It has often been remarked, that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like woman's heart—and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow, rather than the light, of the sad lamp that watches it—let him have to count over the long, dull hours of night, and wait, alone and sleepless, the struggle of the gray dawn into the chamber of suffering—let him be appointed to this ministry, even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even when it is most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit grow impatient of the dreary task; and, though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of an irresistible selfishness, which, indeed, he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove in one instance at least, his manly weakness.

But see a mother, a sister, or a wife in his place. The woman feels no weariness, and even no recollection of self. In silence, in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but, so far as the qualified terms may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir or whisper, or the breath of the now more than ever loved one, who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her step, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not awaken a mouse; if she speaks, her echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort and devotion; and thus, night after night, she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed; her eye never drooping, her mind never palled, her nature, that at all other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity; herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.—*Banim.*

Uneducated Women.

THERE is no sight so pitiable as that afforded by a rising family of children under the guardianship of an ignorant mother. I would be understood in the use of the term ignorant, as wishing to convey the picture of a mother whose maiden days were devoted to the acquirements of fashionable accomplishments, to the exclusion of solid mental culture and requirements.

The woman who reigns the queen of the ball room is very seldom found capable of being the governess of her own children; and the time spent at soiree and rout will be bitterly regretted when age brings experience, and consequent remorse for the evil she has inflicted, and her incapacity to discharge properly the interesting and important duties of her station, when it was her natural duty to be at once an instructor and example.

The maiden who casts aside her book for the cotillion, will never win the esteem of a sensible man; and should she select a partner for life among her partners in the dance, she will find, when it is too late, that her choice has been as unfortunate as the place where she first attracted his notice was injudicious.

I ever look with pain upon that young wife, who enters upon her second era with fashionable opinions of society. Her first era has been devoted to the attainment of certain rules and systems, which are scarcely pardonable in the girl, certainly censurable in the wife, and criminal in the mother.

FEMALE BEAUTY never appears with so much grace as when beaming through a shower of virtuous tears.

MISCELLANY.

Death.

How many are there that ask for death in the distress of their hearts, even for the very fear of it! and this unadvised desire of death does in common affect both the best and worst of men; only with this difference, the former are weary of life, and the others despise it.

The prosperous must die as well as the unfortunate; and methinks the very despair of overcoming our fate should inspire us with courage to encounter it: for there is no resolution so obstinate as that which arises from necessity. It makes a coward as bold as Julius Caesar, though upon different principles. We are all of us reserved for death; as Nature brings forth one generation she calls back another. The whole dispute is about the time, there is no person doubts about the thing itself.

Selfishness.

SELFISHNESS has no soul. It is a heart of iron encased in stone. Selfishness cannot see the miseries of the world—it cannot feel the pangs of thirst and hunger. It robs its own grave, sells its own bones to the doctor, and its soul to the devil. Who will fight manfully against a selfish disposition? It grows gradually, and increases rapidly day by day. Prosperity and good luck feed the passion; silver and gold make it laugh outright.

Who has not seen the eyes of the selfish water at a good trade?—who has not seen him leap for joy at the rise of flour, while the poor were starving about him? Selfishness is a passion of hell, and good men should labor to keep it there.

To the Husband.

"Speak kindly to her, little dost thou know
What utter wretchedness, what hopeless woe
Hang on those bitter words—that stern reply—
The cold demeanor and reproving eye.
The death steel pierces not with a keener dart,
Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart."

THE frailest being by thy side is of finer mould—keener her sense of pain—of wrong—greater her love of tenderness. How delicately tuned her heart; each ruder breath upon its strings complains in lowest notes of sadness, not heard but felt. It wears away her life like a deep under-current, while the fair mirror of the changeless surface gives not one sigh of woe.

THE SABBATH is like a stream which has no cataclysms to astonish us with their magnificent thunder, but which winds along the tranquil valley, asserting its existence only in the life and verdure which appear along its course.

THE complete happiness of man depends upon his having one fixed habitation, one wedded partner for life—one omnipotent God for worship.—*J. Q. Adams.*

ADVERSITY overcome, is the highest glory, and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue; sufferings are but the trials of a gallant spirit.

WEALTH is more esteemed by the vulgar than Talent; for although talent is the most valuable, wealth is the easiest understood.

BLESSED is true love, for it sends its rain upon the just and the unjust, and blesses the evil as the good.

THE vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

THE HUMORIST.

A Dark Tale.

Gloom was upon her countenance and his;—the man whose holy office it was to unite them in the bonds never to be torn assunder, stood like an executioner before the pair—the bride and bridegroom—who bowed before him waiting to be blessed.

In vain might the eye wander around the assembly in search of sunshine upon a single countenance; all was dreary, black; and assistants as well as attendants at the ceremony, were alike shrouded in one dark, overshadowing pall of rayless gloom!

Ah, joyful ever should be the linking of young hearts together, and sad indeed must be the fate of those around whom the shadows of gloom are gathering even at the threshold; that should glow in all the gorgeous colorings of hope and promise; yet the same gloomy hue, the same depth of darkness was seated upon every feature.

No fitful blushing of the rose, no swift succession of the lily telling of youthful passion and strong hopes, was seen on that bride's cheek, but one unvarying shade of funeral gloom possessed the maid, possessed the groom, possessed the preacher;—they were all possessed, for they were all darkies!—*Plaindealer.*

An Irishman and a Dutchman were standing on the wharf at the foot of Chestnut street yesterday, when one of our steamers came puffing in:

"Oh, be jabbers, what a bad could that steamer has got. Hear how the poor thing coughs," observed Paddy, as he pulled his twice chew'd quid out of his mouth and threw it on the side walk.

"How de debil a steamboat take a gold, eh?" knowingly enquired the Dutchman.

"Why, you sour kroul booby, you, she takes could from laying in the water so long; and would'nt it give any body a could, ye Dutch heathen, ye?"

A lady called at one of our stores a day or two since, and inquired of a young clerk for "cruel."

Not willing to appear ignorant, nor exactly understanding her, he handed down a regular twisted cowskin.

"Why," says the lady, "that is not what I want; I want cruel."

"Well," replied the boy, "that is the 'cruellest' thing I know anything about."

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